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SUPERMAN-NATIONAL COMICS
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MYSTERY IN SPACE
APR • MAY
NO 19
A JESSE JAMES GANG OF THE FUTURE STRIKES IN...
"THE GREAT SPACE-TRAIN ROBBERY!"
SOLAR EXPRESS

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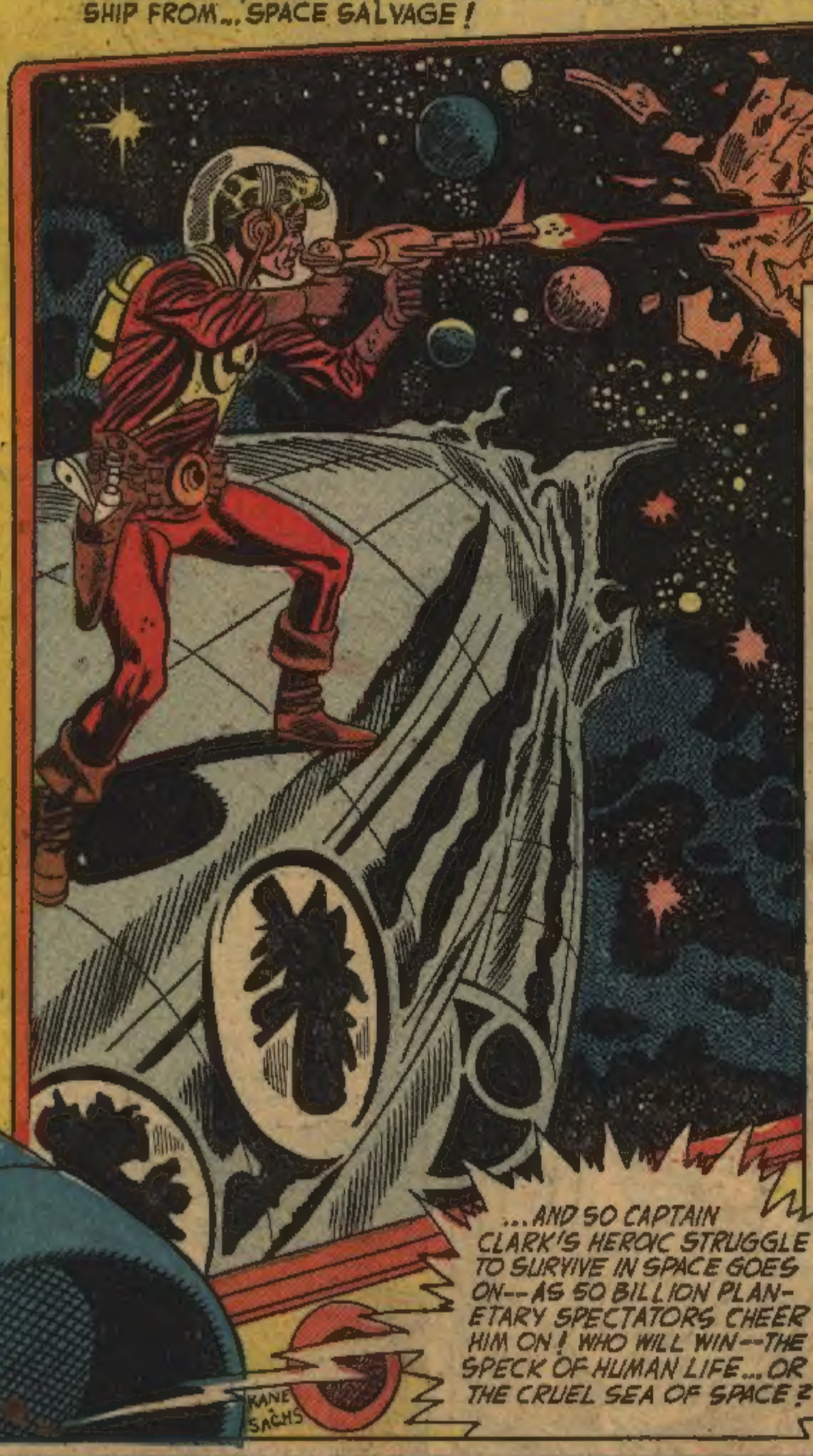
THE GREAT SPACE-TRAIN ROBBERY!

THIS IS A STORY ABOUT THE DARING ROBBERY OF A GREAT SPACE-TRAIN... IN A WAY! IT IS ALSO ABOUT THE NOTORIOUS JESSE JAMES GANG OF SPACE... PARTLY! BUT IT IS *MOSTLY* ABOUT A BRAVE MAN WHO, LIKE ALL GALLANT CAPTAINS AT SEA, REFUSES TO DESERT HIS SINKING SHIP, IN SPACE! A SPACE HERO WHOSE DEFIANT COURAGE SALVAGES HIS SHIP FROM... SPACE SALVAGE!


...AND SO CAPTAIN CLARK'S HEROIC STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE IN SPACE GOES ON--AS 50 BILLION PLANETARY SPECTATORS CHEER HIM ON! WHO WILL WIN--THE SPECK OF HUMAN LIFE... OR THE CRUEL SEA OF SPACE?
KANE
SACHS

ON ANY FREIGHT TRAIN, THE LAST CAR IS THE CABOOSE...
HEY!
MUST THAT ENGINEER TAKE THOSE SHARP TURNS AT TOP SPEED? IT'S ROUGH RIDING BACK HERE!

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MYSTERY IN SPACE

AND LIKE SOME TRAINS OF PIONEER AMERICAN DAYS, IT IS SUDDENLY ATTACKED BY BANDITS...

HALT ROCKETS, OR WE BLOW YOU TO COSMIC DUST!

THE JESSE JAMES GANG OF SPACE!

WORKING SWIFTLY BEFORE SPACE POLICE ARRIVE, THE INTERPLANETARY ROBBERS UNHITCH THE LAST FEW CARS...

WHILE THEY DRIFT HELPLESSLY IN SPACE, WE'LL LOOT THEM ONE BY ONE!

ABCARD THE SPACE-TRAIN CABOOSE, THE *NEBULA*, CAPTAIN CLARK TRIES A STRATAGEM TO ESCAPE THE SPACE PIRATES...

HANG TIN-FOIL OUTSIDE! IT'LL TURN OUR RADAR IMAGE ON THEIR SCREEN INTO A JAGGED SHAPE, LIKE A *METEOR!*

SUCCESSFULLY EVADING CAPTURE, THE *NEBULA* DRIFTS THROUGH SPACE ALONE AND UNPOWERED, UNTIL ...

ELECTRON-CLOUD AHOY! IT CUT ADRIFT FROM THE SUN! LOOK OUT!... COSMIC BOLT!

THEN, A FAMILIAR, CENTURIES-OLD CRY RINGS OUT IN THE SEA OF SPACE...

ABANDON SHIP!

HURRIEDLY DONNING SPACE-SUITS, THE CREW PILES INTO THE LIFE ROCKET...UNTIL BUT ONE MAN IS LEFT ON BOARD...

B-BUT CAPTAIN! YOU CAN'T STAY BEHIND! THE AIR'S LEAKING OUT! THE SHIP IS A DEATHTRAP...

SHOVE OFF!

BLEAK SPACE SWALLOWS UP THE LIFE ROCKET, LEAVING A LONE MAN TO DEFY DOOM ABOARD THE DRIFTING DERELICT...

IF I ABANDONED MY SHIP AND CARGO, I'D LOSE IT! BY SPACE LAW, ANY OTHER SHIP TOWING IT TO PORT COULD CLAIM IT ALL AS *SALVAGE!*

SOON, DOWN IN THE CARGO HOLD...

THE CARGO'S UNDAMAGED! I'VE GOT TO HOPE SOME SHIP WILL PICK UP OUR AUTOMATIC *SOS*, AND TOW ME IN! I'LL STICK IT OUT TILL IT COMES!

FISS OIL MAR

FISSION OIL MARS

FIS OIL MA

ALL THE CARGO IS SHIPSHAPE EXCEPT ONE SPECIAL ITEM...

THAT CRITTER WE CAPTURED ON MARS--*DEAD*--FROM LACK OF AIR! TOO BAD! ANY EARTH ZOO WOULD HAVE PAID WELL FOR THIS UNIQUE SPECIMEN!

MEANWHILE THE WANDERING DERELICT IS PICKED UP BY THE INTERPLANETARY TELE-VISION NETWORK...

KEEP THAT SPACE ZOOMAR LENS FOCUSED ON THE *NEBULA*. WE'LL BEAM THIS HEROIC DRAMA OF SPACE TO ALL SOLAR NETWORKS! CANCEL ALL PROGRAMS TILL THE SHIP'S RESCUED!

ITN SPACE TV CHANNEL 9

GIANT METEOR! DEAD AHEAD OF HIM! IT'LL SMASH THE SHIP TO BITS!

DESPERATELY, THE INTREPID SPACE CAPTAIN SEEKS A WAY OUT...

THE MAGNETIC PULL OF THE IRON FLOORS THAT GRIPS MY IRON SHOES LIKE "*GRAVITY*"! IF I REVERSE THE LEVER...IT MIGHT GIVE THE WHOLE SHIP *MAGNETIC REPULSION!*

HE DEFLECTED THAT IRON METEOR AWAY! BY VENUS! NOTHING CAN DEFEAT THAT BRAVE EARTHMAN!

BUT CAN SHEER COURAGE TRIUMPH OVER THE NEXT HAZARD OF SPACE THAT SUDDENLY LOOMS UP IN THE SHIP'S PATH ..?

THE SARGASSO SEA OF SPACE! A HUGE GRAVEYARD OF SPACE-WRECKS THAT GRAVITATED TOGETHER! ONCE I GET TANGLED IN THAT STEEL JUNGLE, I'LL BE TRAPPED THERE FOREVER!

ONCE AGAIN CAPTAIN CLARK COUNTERATTACKS WITH AN IMPROVISED WEAPON...

THIS FISSION OIL IS RADIOACTIVE... AND "SENSITIVE TO TOUCH"!

EASILY HURLED MILES AHEAD THROUGH FRICTIONLESS SPACE, THE OIL BARREL CRASHES INTO THE SARGASSO SEA WRECKAGE...

THE CONTACT SET OFF THE FISSION OIL ... WITH ALL THE POWER OF AN ATOM BOMB!

WATCHING THE ACTION ON TV SCREENS, THE LIZARD-PEOPLE OF JUPITER SHOUT CHEERS OF ENCOURAGEMENT...

HI! HI! HE BLEW A HOLE CLEAR THROUGH THE SARGASSO SEA! WHAT AN EARTHMAN!

IF HE CAN ONLY HOLD OUT TILL THAT RESCUE SHIP APPEARS!

LATER, SOMETHING OCCURS ABOARD SHIP WHICH IS OUT OF RANGE OF THE SPACE ZOOMAR LENS...

ODD! I HAVE A FEELING I'M NOT ALONE! BUT I'M SURE EVERY MAN LEFT... WAIT! S-SOMETHING COMING UP BEHIND ME!

SUDDENLY, A MENACING FIGURE LEAPS UPON THE SPACE-MAN...

THE MARTIAN MONSTER! STILL ALIVE IN THIS AIRLESS SHIP!

BUT AT THAT CRUCIAL MOMENT, THE ULTIMATE DISASTER...

HULL SPLITTING WIDE OPEN! MUST BE CAUGHT IN A WHIRLPOOL OF SPACE! THE SHIP IS *CRACKING IN HALF!*

ON ALL PLANETS 50 BILLION TV-VIEWERS GROAN IN DISMAY...

POOR CAPTAIN CLARK! HAD TO USE HIS SPACE-SUIT JETS AND CLEAR OUT! HE LOST THE STRUGGLE AGAINST SPACE! HIS SHIP BECOMES SALVAGE NOW!

LATER, AS THE FLOATING MAN IS TAKEN ABOARD A RESCUE SHIP...

DON'T GLOAT, CAPTAIN! THE *NEBULA* IS STILL MINE! I'LL ONLY HAVE TO PAY YOU TOWING CHARGES!

I HARDLY THINK SO, CAPTAIN CLARK! BY ABANDONING SHIP, YOU FORFEITED ALL RIGHTS TO IT! THE COURT IS SURE TO RULE IN MY FAVOR!

LATER, AT THE SPACE COURT ON EARTH...

SORRY, CAPTAIN CLARK! DESPITE YOUR GALLANT STRUGGLE, I AM BOUND BY SPACE LAW TO DECLARE A SHIP SALVAGE IF THERE IS NO LIVING OCCUPANT ABOARD!

BUT THERE WAS A LIVING BEING ABOARD ALL THE TIME, YOUR HONOR!

A STUNNED COURTROOM WATCHES AS A SURPRISE WITNESS IS CALLED BY CAPTAIN CLARK...

THIS FRIEND OF MINE, FROM MARS, REMAINED ABOARD AFTER I LEFT!

IS...ER...THIS CREATURE WILLING TO TESTIFY TO THAT FACT?

TOTHO, SPEAK TO THE JUDGE, BY TELEPATHY!

A PLEASURE, CAPTAIN! FIRST, MY AIR-STORAGE SAC KEPT ME ALIVE IN THE AIRLESS SHIP!" THEN, WHEN THE SHIP BROKE IN HALF, MY POWERFUL TENTACLES ALLOWED ME TO HANG ON AND ESCAPE DEATH!

"EDITOR'S NOTE--THIS IS NO MORE FANTASTIC THAN EARTHLY CAMELS SURVIVING FOR SEVEN DAYS WITHOUT WATER! THIS CREATURE HAS A SIMILAR "SAC" THAT CAN HOLD AIR FOR SEVERAL DAYS!

WHEN TOTHO RUSHED TOWARD ME, JUST BEFORE THE SHIP CRACKED, HE WASN'T TRYING TO ATTACK ME, BUT SHOW HIS FRIENDLINESS!

I RULE IN FAVOR OF THE DEFENDANT, CAPTAIN CLARK! CASE DISMISSED!

LATER, THROUGHOUT SPACE, AT EVERY PUBLIC TV-SCREEN...

FLASH! THE NOTORIOUS JESSE JAMES GANG OF SPACE HAS BEEN CAPTURED IN THEIR ASTERIOD HIDEOUT!

HURRAH! NOW BRING ON CAPTAIN CLARK!

HERE HE IS...THE HERO OF THE HOUR...THE MAN YOU'VE BEEN WAITING TO SEE! CAPTAIN CLARK--LOOK OUT AT YOUR AUDIENCE AND ACCEPT THE PLAUDITS OF 50 BILLION PEOPLE!

The End

6

ADVERTISEMENT

FEARLESS FOSDICK by Al Capp

EEK!! ONE MUST BE DETECTIVE FOSDICK-SO THE OTHER MUST BE ANYFACE-THE WORLD'S TRICKIEST CRIMINAL

I'M FOS-DICK

AHA! I'VE GOT YOU THERE!! HOW CAN YOU BE FOSDICK WHEN I AM? AND, ON THE SALARY THEY PAY ME-HARDLY ONE FOSDICK CAN LIVE!!

YOU ARE NOT FOSDICK. FOSDICK! TURN IN YOUR BADGE!!

TURN IN YOUR HEAD, ANYFACE I'M SURE YOU'RE NOT ME, BECAUSE I USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, TO KEEP MY HAIR NEAT-BUT YOURS IS A MESS!!

@!!★● IF I'D THOUGHT OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL I'D HAVE AVOIDED ARREST!!

YOU COULD'VE AVOIDED LOOSE DANDRUFF, TOO! SAME GOES FOR YOU, CHIEF. GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE!

THAT WOULD BE ILLEGAL MY NAME IS IRVING!

Reg U. S. Pat. Off.—All Rights Reserved. Copr. 1954 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

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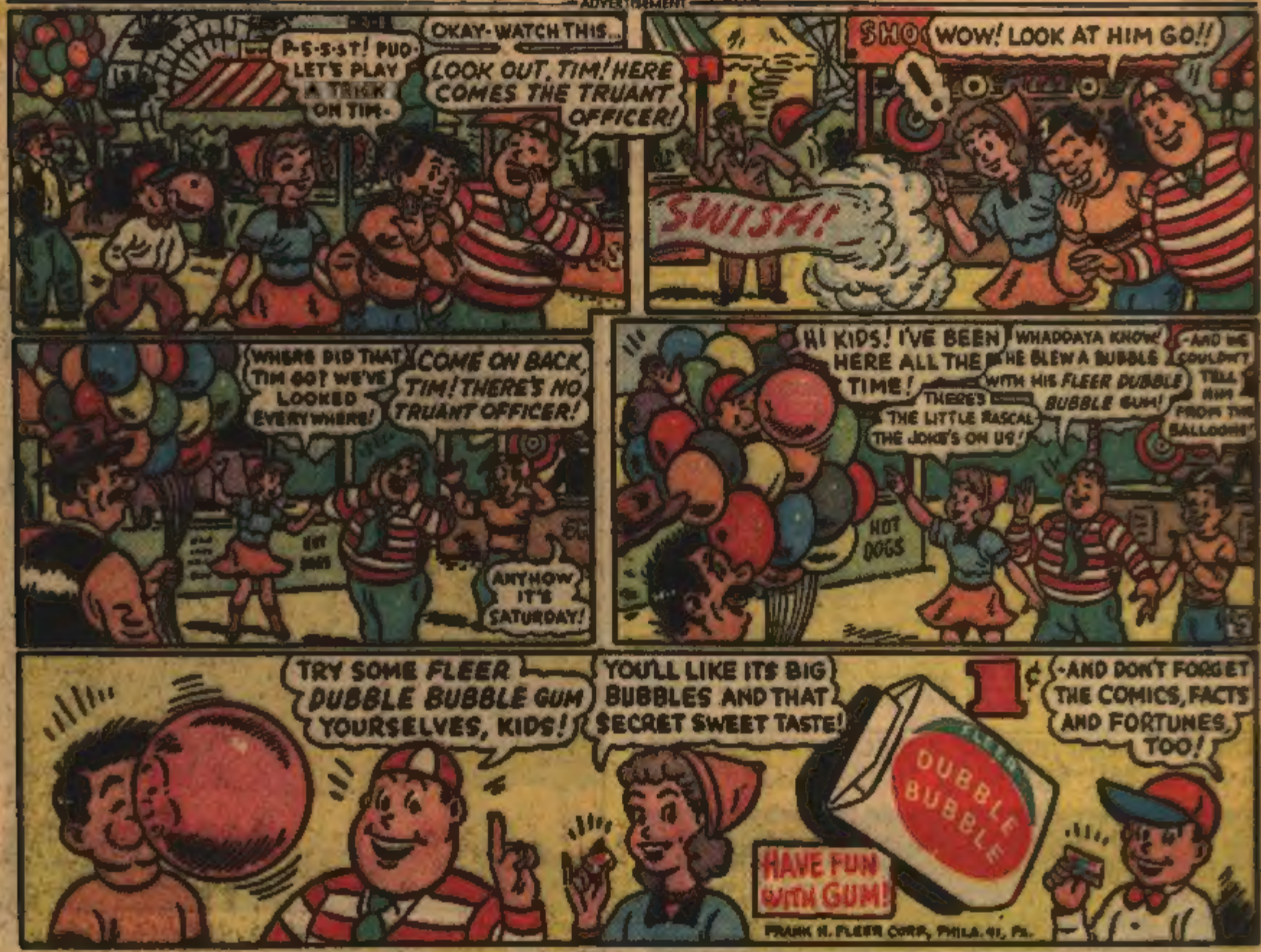
P-S-S-S-T! PUD· LET'S PLAY A TRICK ON TIM·
OKAY-WATCH THIS..
LOOK OUT, TIM! HERE COMES THE TRUANT OFFICER!
SHO
WOW! LOOK AT HIM GO!!
SWISH!
WHERE DID THAT TIM GO? WE'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE!
COME ON BACK, TIM! THERE'S NO TRUANT OFFICER!
ANYHOW IT'S SATURDAY!
HI KIDS! I'VE BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME!
WHADDAYA KNOW! HE BLEW A BUBBLE WITH HIS FLEER DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!
-AND HE COULDN'T TELL HIM FROM THE BALLOONS!
THERE'S THE LITTLE RASCAL THE JOKE'S ON US!
HOT DOGS
TRY SOME FLEER DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM YOURSELVES, KIDS!
YOU'LL LIKE ITS BIG BUBBLES AND THAT SECRET SWEET TASTE!
1¢
-AND DON'T FORGET THE COMICS, FACTS AND FORTUNES, TOO!
DUBBLE BUBBLE
HAVE FUN WITH GUM!
FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILA. 41, PA.

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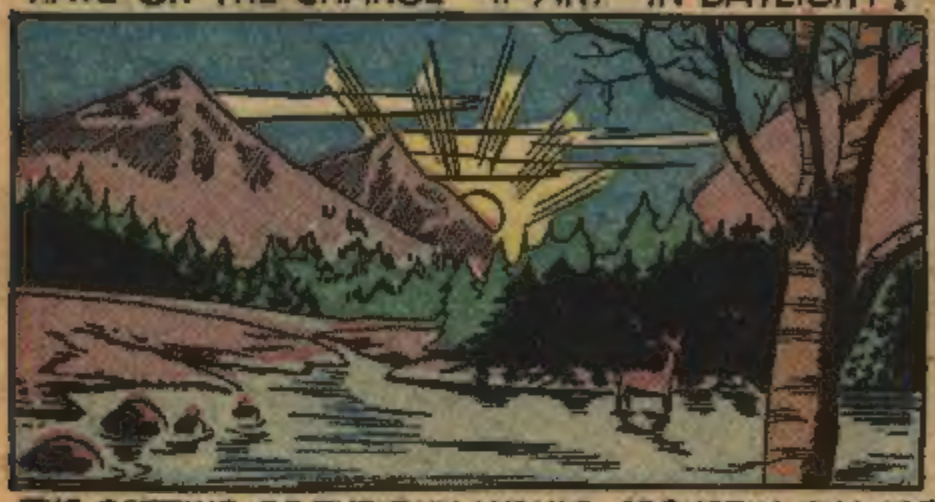
MYSTERIES in SPACE

IF THERE WERE NO ATMOSPHERE ON THE EARTH, WHAT EFFECT WOULD THE SETTING OF THE SUN HAVE ON THE CHANGE--IF ANY--IN DAYLIGHT?



THE SETTING OF THE SUN WOULD ABRUPTLY CHANGE DAY TO NIGHT AS THOUGH BY THE SNAP OF A SWITCH!

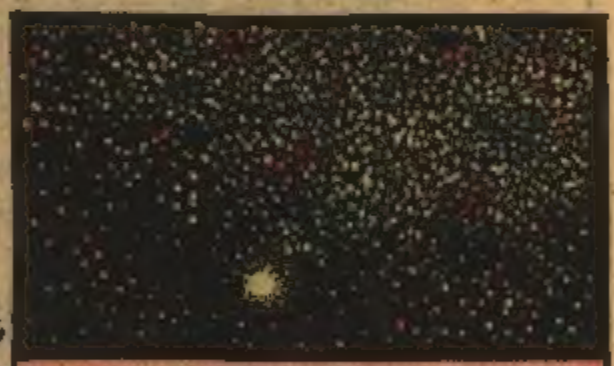
HOW FAR AWAY WOULD A GALAXY HAVE TO BE, IF ITS SPEED EQUALLED THAT OF LIGHT?

IT WOULD BE 1,860,000,000 LIGHT YEARS DISTANT. ODDLY ENOUGH, THE GALAXY TRAVELING AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT, WOULD NOT SEND ANY LIGHT TO US--THE LIGHT WOULD "STOP" IN SPACE, WHILE THE GALAXY MOVED ON!

HOW OFTEN CAN FIVE PLANETS BE SEEN IN A LINE FROM THE EARTH?

ONLY ONCE IN HUNDREDS OF YEARS CAN FIVE PLANETS BE SEEN IN A LINE. HERE ARE, BEGINNING JUST ABOVE THE SKYLINE, MERCURY, JUPITER, VENUS, SATURN AND MARS AS THEY APPEARED JUST AFTER SUNSET ON MARCH 3, 1940

WE CAN SEE ABOUT 5,000 STARS WITH OUR UNAIDED EYES. HOW MANY COULD WE SEE IF ALL THE STARS WERE ***UNIFORMLY DISTRIBUTED*** IN SPACE?



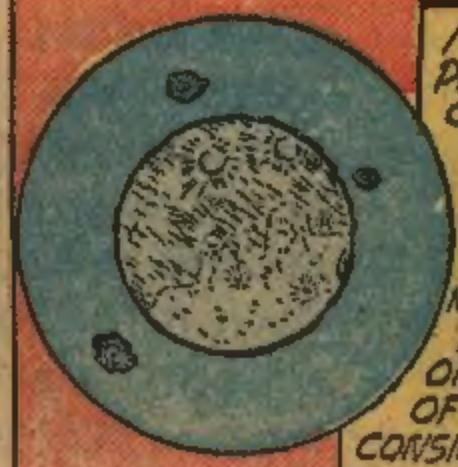
THE NUCLEUS OF OUR GALAXY, AS SEEN BY A 100-INCH TELESCOPE. ESTIMATED NUMBER OF STARS IN THIS AREA IS 800,000.

WE WOULD THEN SEE IN THE NIGHT SKY A THOUSAND TIMES MORE STARS--5 MILLION.

IF OUR SUN WERE MOVING DIRECTLY TOWARD ITS STAR NEIGHBOR, ALPHA CENTAURI (4.3 LIGHT YEARS AWAY), HOW LONG WOULD IT TAKE FOR THE TWO OF THEM TO COLLIDE?

BARRING ALL OTHER FACTORS, THEY WOULD COLLIDE IN 70,000 YEARS!

ASSUMING THERE WERE OCEANS ON THE SURFACE OF THE MOON, (IT HAS NO WATER, OF COURSE), HOW WOULD THE MOON, THEN LOOK TO US?



IT WOULD PRESENT A VERY PECULIAR SIGHT--AN ALMOST CIRCULAR CONTINENT, FORMED BY A FROZEN TIDAL WAVE, RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DISK! SINCE WATER HAS LESS REFLECTIVE POWER THAN ORDINARY RAYS, WE WOULD SEE THE BRIGHTLY ILLUMINATED SURFACE OF THE CONTINENT AT THE CENTER OF THE MOON SURROUNDED BY A CONSIDERABLY DARKER RING OF WATER.

THE MAD PLANET

ASTRONOMERS CONCEDE THAT THERE MAY BE OTHER INHABITABLE PLANETS AMONG THE 100 BILLION PLUS STARS IN OUR GALAXY! BUT THE CHANCES MUST BE INFINITELY SMALL OF FINDING A PLANET SO MUCH LIKE EARTH THAT EVEN ANOTHER NEW YORK CITY EXISTS THERE!

IT'D BE TOO MUCH TO EXPECT AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF THAT METROPOLIS--YET THE *DIFFERENCES* ARE WHAT EXPOSED THE STARTLING SECRET OF ...

THE MAD PLANET

MY FLAME GUN CAN'T DENT THAT ELECTRONIC BUBBLE! WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET OUR SHIP OFF THIS CRAZY WORLD!

HARRY! LOOK OUT!

ZZZZAP!

Virgil Finlay

1989--WHEN TOURISTS TRAVEL TO THE STARS FOR SIGHTSEEING THRILLS...

DORIS--OUR INSTRUMENTS SHOW THIS PLANET IS HABITABLE!

IT'S NOT ON THE STAR MAPS, HARRY! BUT LAND ANYWAY... MAYBE WE'LL DISCOVER SOMETHING *NEW!*

AS THE EARTH-SHIP DROPS DOWN THROUGH THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE...

THAT LOOKS LIKE A CITY... GREAT SIRIUS! DORIS--AM I CRAZY?... *LOOK!*

NO STARTLED PAIRS OF EYES SEE AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT...

NEW YORK CITY! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! WE'RE 30 TRILLION MILES FROM EARTH--AND YET THERE IT IS!

LAND THE SHIP, HARRY--IN CENTRAL PARK! THERE MUST BE SOME EXPLANATION!

AS THE SPACE TRAVELERS STEP OUT OF THEIR SHIP...

NO ONE'S PAYING ANY ATTENTION TO US! AND HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW *QUIET* IT IS?

YES--AND LOOK AT THOSE AUTOMOBILES! THEY'RE AT LEAST 35 YEARS OLD--ANTIQUE CARS OF 1954!

PARDON ME, HOW DO I GET TO--HEY! CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, ANYWAY?

THEY LOOKED THROUGH US AS IF... AS IF WE WERE GHOSTS! H-HARRY... I'M FRIGHTENED!

AS THE EARTH DUO WALKS DOWN FIFTH AVENUE, THEIR EYES WIDEN! NEW PUZZLES PRESENT THEMSELVES WITH EVERY STEP!

IT'S INCREDIBLE! LOOK--CARTIER'S--NEXT DOOR TO A *SHOOTING GALLERY!* IT ISN'T LIKE THAT BACK HOME!

AND--WHERE SAKS FIFTH AVENUE SHOULD BE--A COTTAGE! HARRY--THIS ISN'T THE NEW YORK WE KNOW!

SHOOTING GALLERY

I'M GOING TO FIND THE ANSWER TO THIS MYSTERY! LET'S SEE WHO LIVES HERE!

COME IN--THE DOOR'S OPEN!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

PARDON ME, WE'D LIKE SOME HELP IF YOU CAN--

AGHHHHH! PEOPLE! REAL PEOPLE! IT CAN'T BE!

SUDDENLY, A WALL APPEARS FROM NOWHERE--CUTTING OFF THE EARTH COUPLE FROM THE DWELLER IN THE HOUSE...

THAT--THAT WALL! IT'S BLOCKED US OFF!

PLEASE, HARRY--LET'S GET BACK TO THE SHIP--BEFORE I GO CRAZY!

HARRY AND DORIS HURRY BACK TO "CENTRAL PARK", ONLY TO FIND--

WE CAN'T GET TO OUR SHIP! IT'S SURROUNDED BY A TRANSPARENT BUBBLE! THAT MAN--THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HIS FACE...

WE'LL SEE HOW THE BUBBLE TAKES A BURST FROM MY FLAME GUN!

SUDDENLY, AS HARRY FIRES--WITHOUT ANY EFFECT...

HARRY! THAT BIRD--LOOK OUT!

BUT BEFORE THE TERRESTRIALS CAN MOVE, THEY ARE SWEPT UP IN THE GIANT BIRD'S TALONS...

WHERE IS THIS [redacted] TAKING US?

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

IT'S BROUGHT US BACK TO THE COTTAGE! I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS!

IF YOU'LL COME INSIDE, PERHAPS I CAN EXPLAIN!

FOR THE SECOND TIME, HARRY AND DORIS STEP INSIDE THE COTTAGE, TO CONFRONT...

WE'RE MR. AND MRS. VALE--FROM EARTH! WHERE ARE WE--AND WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME IS THONG--KING THONG! I RULE THIS PLANET!

THONG--NOW I REMEMBER! YOU ESCAPED FROM SING SING PRISON--THIRTY YEARS AGO!

YOU HAVE A GOOD MEMORY, MRS. VALE! I AM VICTOR THONG, FORMERLY A CRIMINAL OF EARTH--AND NOW THE RULER OF AN ENTIRE WORLD! NO DOUBT YOU'RE CURIOUS TO LEARN HOW I GOT HERE!

MYSTERY IN SPACE

"WHEN I ESCAPED FROM SING SING, THE BIGGEST MANHUNT OF THE '50's BEGAN! IT LOOKED LIKE THE ONLY WAY I COULD ESCAPE MY TRACKERS WAS TO LEAVE EARTH. AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I DID... FOR, IN THE NEVADA DESERT, I FOUND A FLYING SAUCER WHICH HAD CRASHED!"

EARTH'S BACTERIA MUST HAVE KILLED THE PILOTS OF THIS FLYING SAUCER! IT'S IN GOOD SHAPE-- I CAN ESCAPE EARTH!

"--THE CONTROLS WERE SIMPLE. I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT PLANET THE STRANGE LITTLE PEOPLE WERE FROM, BUT I DIDN'T CARE. I TOOK OFF, AND--"

I'VE ESCAPED THE FOOLS OF EARTH! NOW FOR ANOTHER PLANET--AND A NEW LIFE!

"--AFTER A LONG JOURNEY ACROSS SPACE, I LANDED HERE. QUICKLY, I BECAME THE RULER OF THE PEOPLE, TAUGHT THEM ENGLISH, AND STARTED TO BUILD..."

HURRY UP! I WANT NEW YORK RE-CREATED SO I'LL NEVER BE HOME-SICK!

AS THONG FINISHES HIS AMAZING STORY...

BUT WHY HAVE YOU MAROONED US HERE? WE WANT TO LEAVE FOR EARTH!

I NEED COMPANY! BESIDES, I CAN'T PERMIT YOU TO TELL EARTH'S POLICE WHERE I AM... GRAB THEM, BRUNO!

CAUGHT UP IN ARMS OF STEEL, THE VALES FIGHT UNAVAILINGLY, AS...

LET GO OF ME! LET-- GO--

DON'T, HARRY! HE WON'T HURT US! THONG WANTS TO IMPRISON US-- NOT HARM US!

STAY THERE UNTIL KING THONG WANTS TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

SLAM

MYSTERY IN SPACE

THE LONG HOURS PASS --THEN--!

DORIS, LOOK! THE LOCK IN THE CELL DOOR IS SO SIMPLE THAT--QUICK! GIVE ME A HAIRPIN!

A FEW TWISTS OF DORIS' HAIRPIN, AND--THE VALES ARE FREE!

LET'S GO BACK TO THE SHIP! I WANT TO LEAVE THIS TERRIBLE PLANET!

OF COURSE--BUT FIRST TO CLEAR UP A FEW PUZZLING POINTS ABOUT THONG AND THIS MAD PLANET!

HEHEHEHEHEHE! I'LL HAVE A LITTLE SPORTING FUN WITH THE VALES!

ODD! THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT ALL THIS!

HARRY--PLEASE! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

SUDDENLY, AS HARRY RACES INTO THE ROOM...

THEY'RE FREE! BRUNO--GRAB THEM!

NO YOU DON'T, THONG! I'M HOLDING *YOU* HOSTAGE FOR OUR SAFETY!

I'LL--FORCE--YOU--TO--RELEASE--OUR--SHIP!

UGH-- HE'S CHOKING ME! I COMMAND--A HAMMER TO APPEAR!

A HAMMER APPEARS OUT OF EMPTY AIR, SWINGS UP, AND FLASHES DOWN, TO HIT--*THONG!*

THE GIANT--*BRUNO!* HE'S FADING OUT OF SIGHT!

AHKKG!

POP!

THUD!

MYSTERY IN SPACE

BEFORE THE AMAZED EYES OF HARRY AND DORIS...

TH-THE HOUSE! THE GIANT--THE HAMMER--THE CITY! EVERYTHING HAS DISAPPEARED!

YES--EXCEPT THIS GIANT CRYSTAL! WHAT IS IT?

I DON'T KNOW! THIS CRYSTAL IS THE STRANGEST--

HARRY! LOOK--OUR SHIP! IT'S HERE!

NO--THERE'S OUR SHIP! I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I WAS JUST NOW THINKING ABOUT IT!

I--I CAN EXPLAIN... GET OFF THE CRYSTAL, YOU FOOL!

AS HARRY SPRINGS TO EXAMINE HIS FALLEN FOE, THE SECOND "SPACESHIP" DISAPPEARS!

J-JUST IN TIME. I RIGGED UP A DISINTEGRATION BOMB INSIDE THE CRYSTAL--SET TO GO OFF WHENEVER ANYONE USES IT BUT ME! NOW EVERYTHING IS GONE! I CAN DIE IN PEACE!

POP!

WHERE DID EVERYTHING COME FROM--AND DISAPPEAR? WHY DID YOU WANT TO KEEP US PRISONER?

I'M DYING--IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW--THE CRYSTAL MADE THOUGHTS--IMAGES--REAL! I KEPT YOU HERE BECAUSE I WAS LONELY...

THESE PEOPLE--THE CITY--I RECREATED IT AS I REMEMBERED IT...I WANTED TO MATCH MY WITS AGAINST YOURS--TIRED OF TALKING TO MYSELF--UNHHHN!

THAT'S ALL--HE'S DEAD!

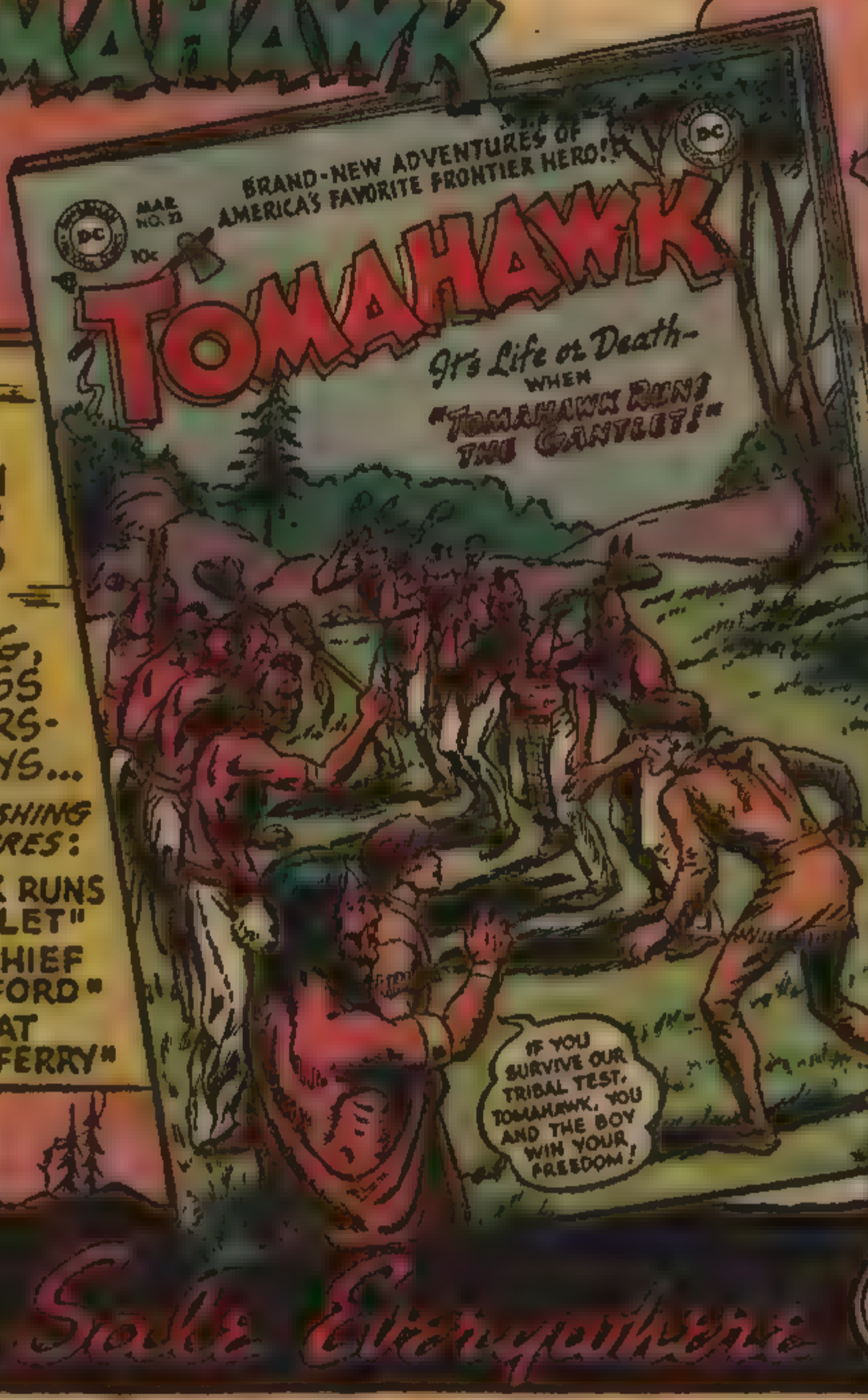
LATER, AS A SPACESHIP TAKES OFF FROM THE INCREDIBLE PLANET...

SO FOR 30 YEARS THONG LIVED WITH THE THOUGHT-IMAGES WHICH THE CRYSTAL MADE REAL FOR HIM!

THAT'S RIGHT! FORTUNATELY, HIS DIARY TELLS US HOW HE GOT HERE FROM EARTH! DARLING--WE'RE GOING HOME--TO THE REAL EARTH!

The End

FOLLOW THE DANGER TRAIL WITH TOMAHAWK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It's Life or Death- WHEN "TOMAHAWK RUNS THE GANTLET!"
IF YOU SURVIVE OUR TRIBAL TEST, TOMAHAWK, YOU AND THE BOY WIN YOUR FREEDOM!

THE BUCKSKIN HERO OF THE OLD INDIAN-FIGHTING, FEARLESS FRONTIERSMEN DAYS...

IN 3 SMASHING ADVENTURES:

"TOMAHAWK RUNS THE GANTLET"

"INDIAN CHIEF FROM OXFORD"

"TRAP AT TUPPER'S FERRY"

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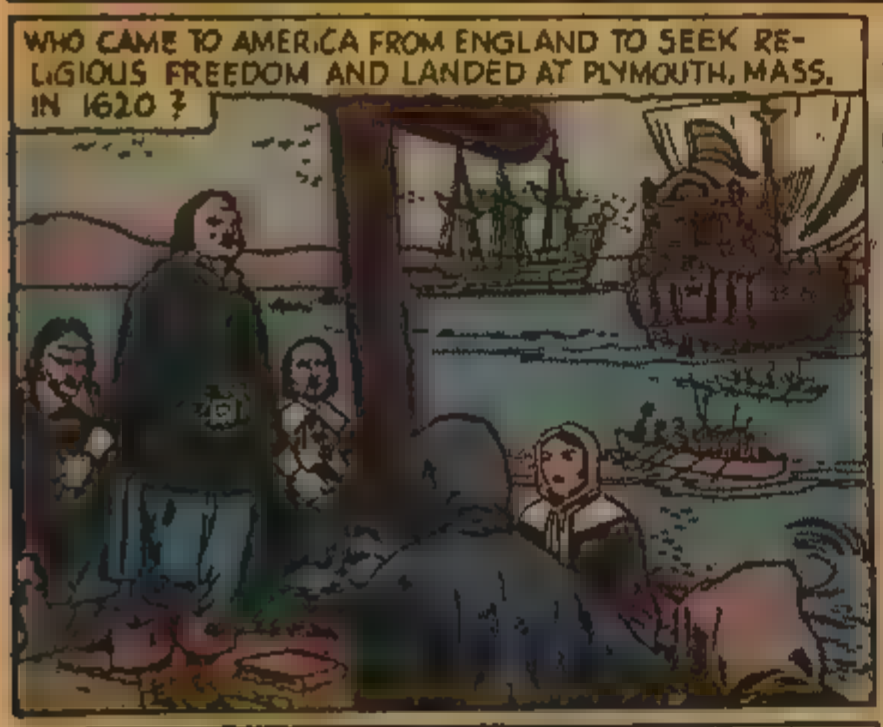
Billy's Special BROTHERHOOD WEEK Quiz

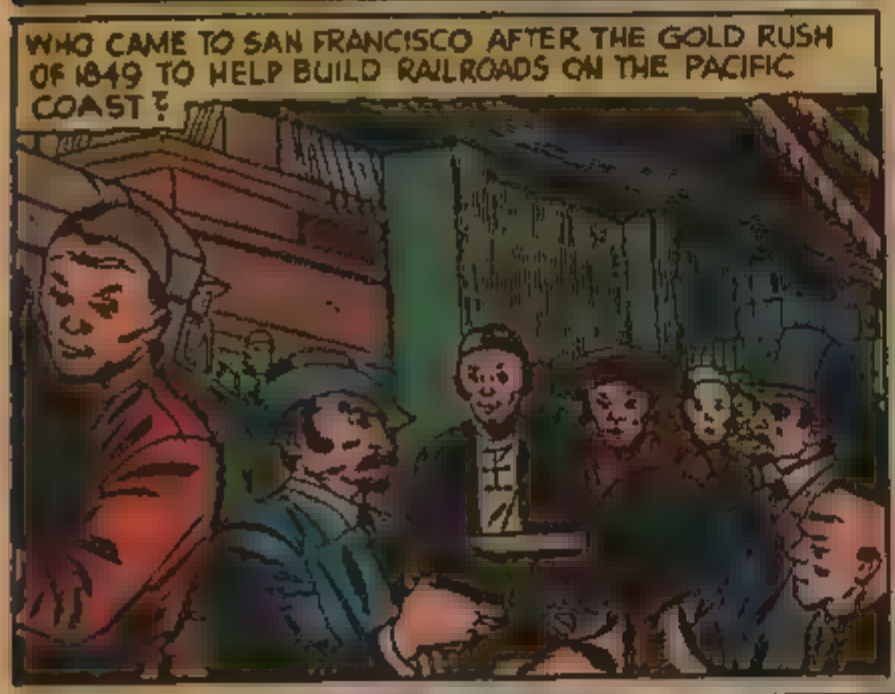
(FEB. 21 – 28)

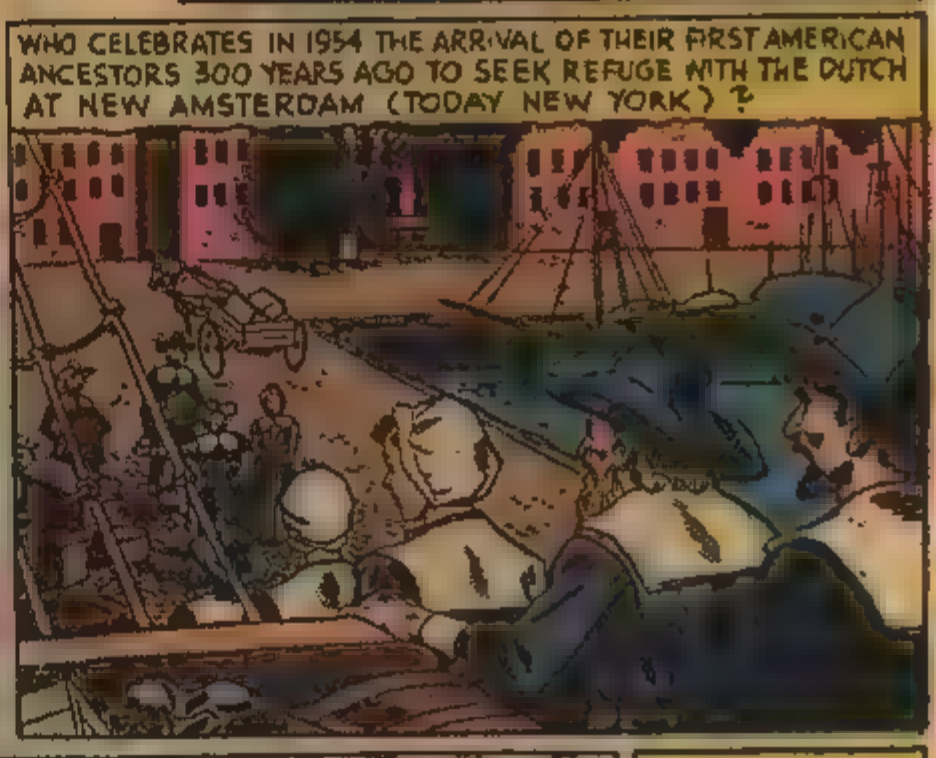
Do You Know The People of Your Country?

ANSWERS IN LAST PANEL



WHO FLED FROM CROMWELL'S PERSECUTION IN 1649 TO SET UP FARMS IN VIRGINIA AND NEW ENGLAND ?




WHO CELEBRATES IN 1954 THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR FIRST AMERICAN ANCESTORS 300 YEARS AGO TO SEEK REFUGE WITH THE DUTCH AT NEW AMSTERDAM (TODAY NEW YORK) ?

WHO WERE BROUGHT TO AMERICA, BEGINNING IN 1619, TO WORK ON THE PLANTATIONS IN THE SOUTH, AND TODAY ARE ONE OF THE LARGEST GROUPS IN OUR POPULATION ?

The ANSWERS... READ UPSIDE DOWN

1. THE PILGRIMS
2. THE IRISH
3. THE CHINESE
4. THE JEWS
5. THE NEGROES

PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH THE NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE ASSEMBLY, COORDINATING ORGANIZATION FOR NATIONAL HEALTH, WELFARE AND RECREATION AGENCIES OF THE U. S.

The STUDIO BEYOND THE STARS!

YOU SEE, ELSIE--THAT'S THE WAY WE ROPE CATTLE ON EARTH!

IT LOOKED LIKE KEN DRISCOLL, THE VETERAN MOVIE DIRECTOR—PRODUCER, HAD REACHED THE END OF THE LINE... AND WAS READY TO JOIN THE RANKS OF HOLLYWOOD HAS-BEENS! THEN HE MET A STRANGER WHO OFFERED HIM AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE ONE MORE PICTURE, A MOVIE THAT COULD MEAN LIFE OR DEATH FOR KEN DRISCOLL!

DEAR, CHIEF--I HAVE A STRANGE STORY I WANT TO TELL YOU--A STORY WHICH STARTED AFTER WE ATTENDED THE SNEAK PREVIEW OF MY LAST CRIME PICTURE...

"...MY HEART SANK AS WE READ THE REACTION CARDS..."

KEN, THE PICTURE IS AN OUT-AND-OUT FLOP! WE'LL LOSE A FORTUNE ON IT!

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I THOUGHT I'D MADE A GOOD PICTURE!

Worst Picture Of The Year!

CORNY! TERRIBLE!

Outdated No story

MYSTERY IN SPACE

"I HEARD THE WORST NEWS OF ALL WHEN WE GOT BACK TO THE STUDIO..."

Y-YOU MEAN--I'M FIRED?

I'M SORRY, KEN. I CAN'T AFFORD TO LET SENTIMENT INTERFERE WITH BUSINESS!

MAMMOTH PICTURES

"I COULDN'T SLEEP THAT NIGHT! INSTEAD, I WENT FOR A WALK, AND..."

20 YEARS A DIRECTOR--AND NOW I'M ALL WASHED UP! WHAT CAN I DO? I ONLY KNOW HOW TO MAKE MOVIES!

PARDON ME--YOU'RE KEN DRISCOLL, AREN'T YOU?

MY NAME IS ELSIE FORE...I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'RE FREE TO DIRECT A PICTURE FOR ME--?

ER--YES--I HAPPEN TO BE AT LIBERTY FOR A WHILE!

TO REACH OUR STUDIO, WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY YACHT! FOLLOW ME, PLEASE!

DON'T WORRY--I'M NOT LETTING YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT!

"THE YACHT WAS A STRANGE-LOOKING CRAFT, BUT I THOUGHT NOTHING OF IT..."

HERE WE ARE...LET'S GET ABOARD! I'LL TELL YOU MORE LATER!

THAT'S ODD! HER LIP MOVEMENTS DON'T SYNCHRONIZE WITH HER WORDS--AND SOMETIMES SHE DOESN'T EVEN MOVE HER LIPS!

"ONCE ABOARD THE SHIP, I RECEIVED THE SHOCK OF MY LIFE, AS--"

MISS FORE--ELSIE! WH-WHAT KIND OF SHIP IS THIS?

A SPACE-SHIP, MR. DRISCOLL! MY MOVIE STUDIO IS ON A DISTANT STAR-PLANET!

VROOM!

I WAS HELPLESS TO OBJECT AS THE SWIFT ACCELERATION SENT ME SPINNING AROUND THE SHIP..."

WE'RE BEYOND EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE--NOW FOR THE STAR-DRIVE!

"THEN I BLACKED OUT AS A CRUSHING FORCE PRESSED THE AIR FROM MY BODY..."

"LATER, I WOKE TO FIND ELSIE BENDING OVER ME--A DIFFERENT ELSIE!"

Y-YOU'VE CHANGED! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

TO THAT NEARBY STAR--ANTARES--MY WORLD--WHERE I MAKE MOTION PICTURES! MY REAL NAME IS L-C-4!

"DAZED, I LISTENED AS ELSIE--OR L-C--TOLD ME WHY I HAD BEEN KIDNAPED!"

THE ANTAREANS ARE BORED WITH OUR PICTURES--THEY'RE CLAMORING FOR NEW IDEAS! THAT'S WHY WE CAME TO EARTH--AND FOUND YOU!

WE SEARCHED SPACE FOR YEARS, AND FOUND HUMAN LIFE ONLY ON YOUR PLANET! WE ARE TELE-PATHISTS--SO COULD READ YOUR MIND! WE NEED NEW MOVIE PLOTS--AND I SAW THEM IN YOUR BRAIN!

B-BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! MY STUDIO FIRED ME BECAUSE MY IDEAS WERE TOO HACKNEYED FOR EARTH!

THEY WON'T BE HACKNEYED FOR US! THE SPACE-SHIP'S RADIO-ACTIVE JETS MEAN WE MUST LAND HERE--ONE MILE UP! COME--WE'LL TAKE A LAUNCH TO MY PRODUCER--M-J-9!

"A FEW MINUTES LATER, I FACED THE MOTION PICTURE CZAR OF ANTARES!"

YOU CAN'T USE ME--MY IDEAS ARE OUTDATED. LET ME GO BACK TO EARTH!

WE SHALL SEE... FIRST, YOU WILL MAKE ONE OF YOUR PICTURES FOR US--L-C--GET HIM ANY-THING HE WANTS!

"A DAY LATER, I FOUND MYSELF ON A MOVIE STUDIO SET--DIRECTING AGAIN!"

YOUR TECHNICIANS ARE TERRIFIC! THE POLICE CAR AND RADIO--THESE SUBMACHINE GUNS--MADE FROM MY DRAWINGS!

YOU EARTHMEN ACTUALLY SHOOT PEOPLE! AND YOU USE RADIO INSTEAD OF TELEPATHY! HOW UNUSUAL!

CALLING ALL CARS! CALLING ALL CARS!

"THEY DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT I WAS SHOOTING THE SAME PICTURE I HAD JUST FLOPPED WITH--ON EARTH!"

FOUR-WHEELED VEHICLES...HOW ORIGINAL!

BANK

BAM! BAM! BAM!

"FINALLY, WHEN THE PICTURE WAS FINISHED, THEY ARRANGED FOR ITS IMMEDIATE SHOWING..."

I HOPE THIS PICTURE GOES OVER BETTER THAN ON MY WORLD!

WE'LL SEE! HURRY--THE PICTURE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN! WE *ANTAREANS* PROJECT THE FILM ON CLOUDS--ALL OVER OUR PLANET!

KEN--YOU'VE MADE THE MOST UNUSUAL PICTURE EVER FILMED ON *ANTARES*!

"MY PICTURE WAS A SUCCESS! LATER..."

NOW THAT YOU HAVE THE PICTURE, MAY I GO BACK TO EARTH?

SORRY, KEN! YOUR EARTH IDEAS ARE JUST WHAT MY PICTURES NEED! YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING YOU WANT HERE BUT--

--WE'LL NEVER LET YOU GO! YOU MUST WORK WITH US FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!

"I WAS A PRISONER--FOR LIFE! THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO--SO THE NEXT DAY I STARTED A WESTERN..."

BUT--WHAT IS A "ROUND-UP"?

WE USE HORSES TO ROUND UP OUR CATTLE! SINCE THERE ARE NO HORSES ON *ANTARES*, YOU "COWBOYS" WILL USE YOUR AIR LAUNCHES!

MYSTERY IN SPACE

"AS I WATCHED MY CAST REHEARSE, I SUDDENLY HAD AN IDEA..!"

THE SPACE-SHIP WHICH BROUGHT ME FROM EARTH IS PARKED ON TOP OF THAT TOWER...

"I USED A MENTAL BLOCK TO PREVENT THE ANTAREANS FROM READING MY MIND! THEN--"

YOU'RE NOT USING YOUR AIR LAUNCHES CORRECTLY! WATCH--I'LL SHOW YOU HOW!

"ONCE INSIDE THE AIR LAUNCH, I RACED FOR THE TOWER..."

MADE IT! NOW TO GET TO THE SHIP!

I JUST READ WHAT'S ON HIS MIND! QUICK--AFTER HIM--BEFORE HE STEALS THE SHIP!

"THEY WERE ON MY TAIL AS I SWOOPED DOWN ON THE TOWER TOP AND..."

STOP HIM!

THIS BETTER WORK--OR--

"MINUTES LATER, I WAS SPEEDING INTO SPACE, LEAVING THE STUNNED ANTAREANS BEHIND ME..."

NOW THE STAR-DRIVE WILL TAKE ME--HOME!

"DAYS LATER, HIGH OVER THE SURFACE OF EARTH, I LEFT THE SHIP..."

SINCE I CAN'T LAND THE SHIP, I'M JUMPING! BUT I'M TAKING ALONG THAT CAN OF FILM FROM ANTARES I FOUND IN THE SHIP!

"I HITCH-HIKED MY WAY TO HOLLYWOOD..."

KEN--WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK IN THE STUDIO? I TOLD YOU--

NEVER MIND! COME TO THE PROJECTION ROOM...I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SHOW YOU!

COLOSSAL! THESE SPACE SHOTS ARE TERRIFIC! WHERE DID YOU SHOOT THEM?

WHERE? OH--UH--ON LOCATION!

AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE SNEAK PREVIEW..."

LOOK AT THAT FUTURISTIC CITY! MAGNIFICENT!

THE BEST SCIENCE-FICTION FILM I'VE EVER SEEN!

"THE REVIEWS WERE QUITE DIFFERENT FROM THOSE OF MY LAST PICTURE..."

"SURE TO WIN THE ACADEMY AWARD!"

"Magnificent!"

"ENGROSSING!"

I WANT YOU, DRISCOLL! I'LL PAY DOUBLE WHAT **MAMMOTH** PAYS YOU!

NO YOU DON'T! KEN MAKES ALL OUR SCIENCE-FICTION PICTURES FROM NOW ON!

*WHAT IRONY! IF THEY ONLY KNEW THAT THE **ANTAREANS** THOUGHT **THIS** PICTURE WAS TOO HACKNEYED FOR THEIR AUDIENCES!*

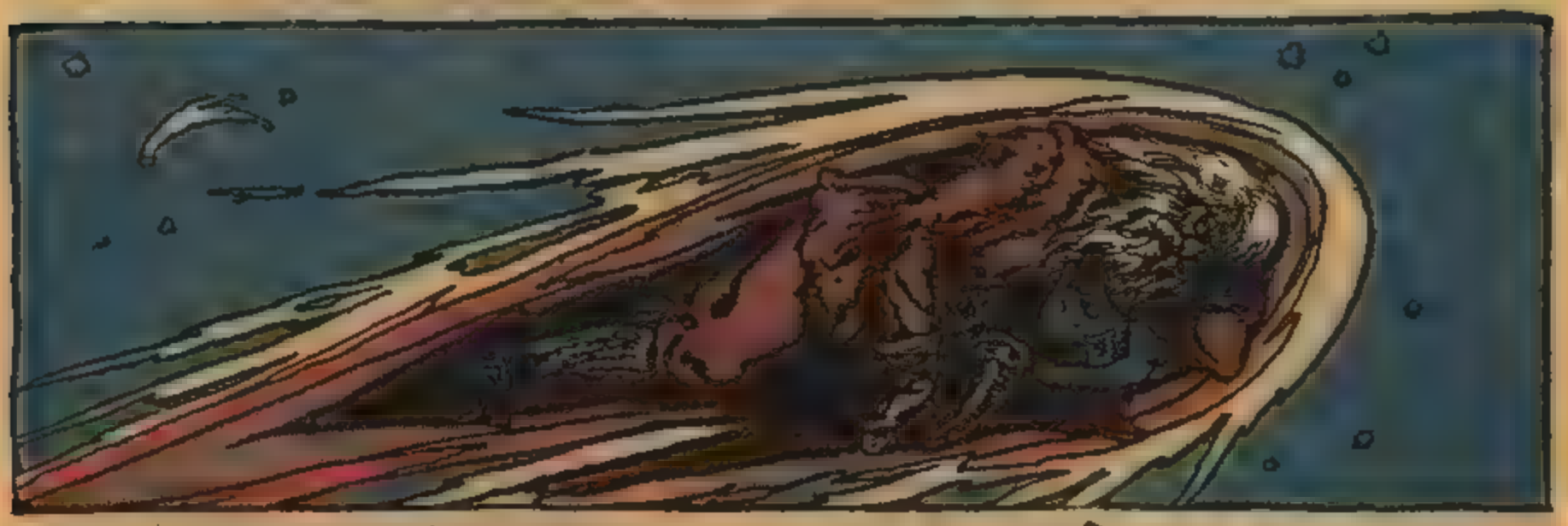
SO, CHIEF, NOW I'M A SUCCESS--BUT WHO KNOWS WHEN THE ***ANTAREANS*** WILL TRY TO KIDNAP ME AGAIN? LISTEN--IF I EVER DISAPPEAR AGAIN, YOU'LL KNOW WHERE I AM--ON *ANTARES*, MAKING PICTURES THAT ARE TOO CORNY FOR US!

The End

SUPERMAN ON TELEVISION! is SUPER-TV

SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR TIME AND CHANNEL!

WONDERS OF SPACE!



LIFE ON THE MOON!

IT may surprise many people to learn that the last serious advocate of animal life on the moon was not H. G. Wells, Jules Verne, or any other spinner of science-fiction stories, but an eminent and serious American scientist, Professor W. H. Pickering! In a paper published in 1924, he suggested that certain dark patches near the lunar crater *Eratosthenes* were caused by swarms of insects!

His main reason for advancing his startling theory was that the patches appear to shift very slowly about during the course of a lunar day. Pickering's paper contains the following remarkable statement:

"While this suggestion of a round of lunar life may seem a little fanciful, and the evidence on which it is founded frail, yet it is based strictly on the analogy of the migration of fur-bearing seals of the Pribiloff Islands. The (lunar) distance involved is about 20 miles, and is completed in 12 days. This involves an average speed of six feet a minute, which, we have seen, implies small animals."

Pickering stood alone in the world of science, as far as this strange theory was concerned. Apart from more obvious difficulties, the shift in position of the Eratosthenes dark areas is exactly the same at the end of each lunar month. This would make the hypothetical lunar insects or animals more regular in their habits than any form of intelligent life that we know of . . . and accordingly Pickering's life forms on the moon must be delegated to the realm of fantastic fiction.

RIP VAN WINKLES OF SPACE!

Once Earthmen have conquered the outermost limits of interplanetary space, will his pioneering spirit of exploration expire at Pluto, or will he set his sights on the distant stars?

Of course, the stars—assuming they have habitable planets—must be visited next, enthusiastic space-minded fans would no doubt insist! But the difference between *interplanetary* and *interstellar* flight are so enormous that the human mind reels at the complex difficulties that would have to be

As soon as our space-ship passes Pluto, our solar system outpost, and speeds starward, it must conquer not only *space* but *time* as well. Even our neighbor stars lie so far away that their distances are measured not in *miles* but in *light years* (one light year equals 6,000,000,000,000 miles)! Thus a 50,000 miles an hour space-ship, that might be adequate for interplanetary travel, would take at least 13,000 years to travel one light year—and mind you, the nearest star is 3.6 light years away!

An obvious solution that will immediately occur to one is to build space-ships that

travel faster! Fair enough—astro-physicists inform us we could theoretically travel as fast as light—186,000 miles a second, but assuming that speed could be attained and endured by human beings, it would bring only the very closest stars within our reach, and even then it would take years to get there.

However, let us consider this problem from a more practical point of view, when space-ship speeds will be measured in hundreds of thousands of miles an hour, and trips to stars will be measured in *centuries*. For this voyage, astronauts have proposed a gigantic space-ship, a sort of Noah's ark, which will actually be a self-containing world. It would have to be quite large, probably as big as a medium-sized asteroid. In addition to room for specialized living in a space-ship, there will have to be a complete university and a reference library containing all the important elements of our human culture. All biological material on board will have to be used over and over again.

To lessen the boredom of the long, dull voyage, it has been suggested that most of the crew be put into a state of suspended animation. A few will stay awake for specified duties, watching over shipmates who lie dormant, in refrigerated and sealed compartments. Possibly the whole crew may take the "big sleep," relying on a super-alarm clock to jolt them awake if danger threatens, or when they approach their destination. Should the ship near an unknown star that has inhabitable planets, its alarm bells would rouse these Rip Van Winkles of space into immediate and vigorous action. A task force of men and machines from one solar system will be ready to move in and take possession of a second solar system—a second one so far away that everyone alive on Earth when the star-voyagers set out on their centuries-long journey has long since died!

Obviously we have strained the imaginations of our readers with this rather sketchy account of how man could someday travel to the distant stars. Anyone who would like something easier to absorb—say, an easy overnight trip to the moon—or a week-end trip to Mars—we strongly urge that he pick up a copy of "Flight Into Space," by Jonathan Norton Leonard (published by Random House). A reading of this book will send one hurtling mentally through space on an imaginative trip that will serve as the next best thing to the actual space-trip itself!

CRASHING COMETS!

In by-gone centuries, comets streaking through the skies with fiery tails in their wake, were regarded as heralds of doom, and even today superstitious people fear comets as catastrophic warnings of war, earthquakes, epidemics, and similar disasters. In 66 A.D., Halley's comet appeared in conjunction with the destruction of the temple in Jerusalem; in 1066, it coincided with the Norman conquest of England.

Although astronomers scoff at any connection between the appearance of comets and disasters on Earth, they concede the chance of a collision between our planet and the head of a comet, but dismiss with scorn any likelihood of the Earth's atmosphere being poisoned or burnt up by the gases in a comet's tail.

In April, 1910, as the tail of Halley's comet was about to sideswipe the Earth, a town in Asia Minor became wild with fright. The natives were convinced that they could avoid a horrible destruction only by immersing themselves up to their necks in water, and as the comet rushed closer to the Earth, barrels of water were everywhere in evidence.

The common belief that fire or asphyxiation would result from the poisonous gases in a comet's tail is entirely without foundation, for the gas is in such a highly diffused state that a lethal concentration is highly unlikely. But the possibility of a collision with the head of a comet cannot be entirely ignored, though from the number of comets and their plotted orbits that we know about, the chance of such a collision is highly improbable.

The ROBOT DETECTIVE of MARS

IT LOOKED LIKE A PROFITABLE POLICY FOR ***INTERPLANETARY INSURANCE, INC.***--ONE OF ITS EARTH CLIENTS HAD INSURED HIMSELF AGAINST ACCIDENTAL DROWNING IN THE CANAL WATERS OF MARS, KNOWING FULL WELL THAT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO CROSS SPACE TO MARS AND REACH THERE ALIVE! BUT THEN THE UNBELIEVABLE HAPPENED AND BERT BRANDON, ACE INVESTIGATOR FOR ***I.I.I.***, FOUND HIMSELF SADDLED WITH THE UNENVIABLE TASK OF PROVING HIS CLIENT'S DROWNING WAS NO ACCIDENT--BUT ***MURDER!***

QUEUE! WILL YOU STOP SHOWING . . . OFF AND GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS CASE!

HUSH, ASSISTANT BERT BRANDON! MY X-RAY EYES HAVE JUST FOUND A CLUE!

RADIOGRAM

WILLIAM J. EMORY, INTERPLANETARY INSURANCE, INC., CAPITOL CITY, EARTH.

DEAR BOSS:

THE POLICY OF I.I.I. IS--NEVER TURN DOWN A PROSPECTIVE CLIENT! YET WHEN JAMES CARR, WEALTHY MINE OWNER, WALKED INTO MY OFFICE...

"...AND ASKED ME FOR A STRANGE LIFE INSURANCE POLICY, I ALMOST DID REJECT HIM..."

YOU WANT TO TAKE OUT A MILLION-CREDIT POLICY, MR. CARR? BUT WHY AGAINST ACCIDENTAL DROWNING IN THE CANAL WATERS OF MARS?

BECAUSE A VOICE AT NIGHT HAS BEEN WARNING ME I'D SURELY DROWN IN THE WATERS, OF MARS CANAL #5!

"AND THEN HE SAID SOMETHING THAT MADE ME CHANGE MY MIND..."

YET SUCH A DROWNING IS IMPOSSIBLE! MY DOTOR SAYS I'D NEVER SURVIVE A FLIGHT THROUGH SPACE TO MARS!

AND IF YOU CAN'T REACH MARS ALIVE, YOU CAN'T DROWN IN ITS CANALS! OKAY, YOU CAN HAVE THE POLICY!

MYSTERY IN SPACE

RADIOGRAM

DEAR BOSS:

OF COURSE, BEFORE SIGNING UP CARR, I HAD OUR DOCTOR CHECK HIM OVER...

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, BRANDON! MR. CARR'S HEART COULDN'T POSSIBLY STAND THE STRAIN OF INTERPLANETARY FLIGHT!

IN THAT CASE, HE'S A GOOD INSURANCE RISK! THANKS, DOC!

"THREE DAYS LATER, YOU CALLED ME IN... AND THE PANIC WAS ON!"

B-BUT... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR CARR TO HAVE ACCIDENTALLY DROWNED IN MARTIAN WATER! WHEN--HOW--DID IT HAPPEN?

YOU'LL FIND OUT THE GRUESOME DETAILS AT THE ESTATE OF DZAN GOLE--THE MARTIAN FINANCIER! GET OVER THERE, YOU BLUNDERER--AND ON THE WAY THERE, FIGURE OUT A WAY TO SAVE I.I.I. FROM PAYING OUT A MILLION CREDITS!

"AT DZAN GOLE'S PLACE, I FOUND THE SHOCKING ANSWER TO HOW A MAN COULD DROWN IN MARTIAN WATER--ON EARTH!..."

MR. GOLE, Y-YOU SAY THE WATER IN YOUR POOL WAS BROUGHT HERE FROM CANAL #5--ON MARS?

YES! HERE IS A CERTIFICATE TO PROVE IT! I ABHOR EARTH WATER--SO I ALWAYS FILL MY POOL WITH PURE MARTIAN CANAL WATER!

"I LINED UP EVERYONE WHO WAS PRESENT AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER--EACH ONE WAS A SUSPECT AS FAR AS I WAS CONCERNED..."

MY NAME IS ELIOT PARNELL, MR. CARR'S ASSISTANT! I--ER--FOUND THE BODY IN THE POOL!

I'M HARRY TORN.. AND THIS IS WENDY--MR. CARR'S DAUGHTER AND MY FIANCÉE.

WELL, I'LL HAVE THIS POOL WATER ANALYZED, THEN START MY INVESTIGATION--

IF YOU DON'T MIND, MR. BRANDON, I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU! WE MARTIANS HAVE THE FINEST PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS IN THE UNIVERSE! I'LL SUMMON OUR ACE INVESTIGATOR--QUEUE!

CLAP! CLAP!

"THE FINEST INVESTIGATOR IN THE UNIVERSE IS, OF COURSE--ME! BUT, IN ANSWER TO DZAN GOLE'S SIGNAL, IN STALKED..."

--A ROBOT!

OF COURSE! PURE DETECTION REQUIRES PURE LOGIC! WHAT IS MORE LOGICAL THAN A ROBOT? COME--LET US GO TO WORK--

MYSTERY IN SPACE

RADIOGRAM

DEAR BOSS:

I WATCHED WITH SCORN AS QUEUE WENT TO WORK. I'D LET HIM BUNGLE THE JOB, THEN I'D TAKE OVER...

"FIRST, HE TOOK SOME MEASUREMENTS WITH HIS ELECTRONIC EYES..."

SO IT'S A MARK MADE BY A SHOE! WHAT OF IT?

IT WAS MADE BY A SHOE 9½ INCHES LONG! MR. CARR'S SHOE IS 8½ INCHES!

"SCORE ONE FOR QUEUE!..."

TO MY LOGICAL MIND, THAT MEANS ANOTHER MAN WAS PRESENT HERE WHEN CARR DIED--AND THAT MEANS *MURDER!* COME, ASSISTANT BRANDON!

HEY--LET GO! I'M COMING WITH YOU--YOU HUNK OF SCRAP METAL!

"WE SPED OVER TO CARR'S APARTMENT, WHERE..."

AH--JUST AS I REASONED! A SPEAKER UNDER THE MATTRESS! THAT EXPLAINS HOW CARR HEARD VOICES!

THE WIRE RUNS TO A ROOM ACROSS THE HALL! LET'S FOLLOW IT!

"THE TELLTALE WIRE LED TO HARRY TORN'S ROOM--AND AN IMPORTANT CLUE!..."

TORN'S SHOE--EXACTLY 9½ INCHES LONG!

AS NEXT OF KIN, MISS CARR INHERITS THE MILLION CREDITS--AND WHEN TORN MARRIES HER, *HE* GETS IT! PURE LOGIC!

"BACK AT THE POOL, WE CONFRONTED TORN WITH THE DAMAGING EVIDENCE..."

IT'S A FRAME-UP! I DIDN'T DO IT!

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, TORN! MY ELECTRONIC BRAIN'S RADAR CENTER INFORMS ME *MR. PARNELL* HAS FLED! ONLY THE GUILTY FLEE! COME, BERT--WE MUST GO AFTER HIM!

"PARNELL, CARR'S ASSISTANT, WAS RADAR-TRACKED TO THE SPACEPORT..."

SURE--I REMEMBER THE MAN! HE SEEMED AGITATED, HIRED A PRIVATE CRUISER, AND TOOK OFF FOR MARS!

COME ON, QUEUE--WE'LL TAKE MY SPEEDY *I.I.I.* SPACE YACHT AND OVERTAKE HIM!

MYSTERY IN SPACE

SPACEGRAM

DEAR BOSS:

BY THE TIME WE SIGHTED PARNELL, WE WERE HALF-WAY TO MARS, I FIGURED I'D HANDLE THE CAPTURE MYSELF...

YOU STAY HERE, QUEUE! I'LL BOARD HIS SHIP... BLAST IT! I FORGOT TO BRING SPACE-SUITS!

NO HARM DONE, MATE! REMEMBER--A ROBOT DOESN'T NEED AIR!

"A FEW MINUTES LATER..."

QUEUE LASSOED THE SHIP! THE ROBOT MAY BE IRRITATING--BUT HE'S GOT HIS USES!

"I TURNED MY SHIP BACK TO EARTH, WITH PARNELL'S CRUISER IN TOW! THEN, AT THE SPACEPORT..."

YOU CONFESSED YOUR GUILT WHEN YOU RAN AWAY, PARNELL! YOU MURDERED MR. CARR!

NO--IT WASN'T ME! I WAS TRYING TO GET TO MARS BEFORE THE NEWS OF HIS DEATH REACHED THERE! OTHERWISE, WE'D LOSE ALL OUR MINE HOLDINGS ON MARS!

WHY WOULD THAT HAPPEN?

UNDER MARTIAN LAW, UNLESS THERE'S A COMPANY OFFICER PRESENT AT THE MINES, THEY ARE CONFISCATED AT THE OWNER'S DEATH, AND HANDED OVER TO A MARTIAN!

"THIS BROUGHT A NEW ASPECT INTO THE CASE! WHEN WE GOT BACK TO DZAN'S..."

I'VE ARRANGED TO KEEP THE NEWS OF MR. CARR'S DEATH A SECRET TILL THIS CASE IS SOLVED...

BUT THE CASE *IS* SOLVED, MR. BRANDON!

SOLVED? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

A LOGICAL MIND CAN ALWAYS FIND THE CORRECT SOLUTION! I SHALL TELL YOU ALL WHO THE MURDERER IS TOMORROW, WHEN I HAVE THE FINAL PROOF!

MYSTERY IN SPACE

RADIOGRAM

DEAR BOSS:

I RECEIVED THE LAB REPORT ON THE WATER. IT'S FROM CANAL #5, ALL RIGHT. BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING THAT PUZZLED ME. I DECIDED TO SLEEP ON IT. THEN LATER THAT NIGHT, I WAS AWAKENED BY...

"... SOMEONE CHOKING THE LIFE OUT OF ME!"

UNHHH!... BEAT... HIM... OFF... I CAN... BREATHE AGAIN!

"THE WOULD-BE MURDERER ESCAPED! I RAN AFTER HIM, BUT..."

IF I ONLY HAD A GUN ON ME, I'D--ULP-- I TRIPPED!

GREAT GALAXIES--A DISEMBODIED ARM! ANOTHER MURDER! I'D BETTER SWITCH ON THE LIGHTS!

W-WHA--! QUEUE! WHAT HAPPENED?

THE MURDERER CAUGHT ME UNAWARES! PUT ME TOGETHER AGAIN, BUT BEWARE OF MY RADIUM POWER PLANT--IT'S RADIOACTIVE!

"THE RADIOACTIVE RADIUM WOULD KILL ME WITHOUT SHIELDING! SO, TO PUT QUEUE TOGETHER AGAIN, I GOT A SHEET OF LEAD, AND..."

BE CAREFUL, BERT! RADIOACTIVITY CAN BE INSTANTLY FATAL!

QUIET, WILL YOU? YOU MAKE ME NERVOUS! AFTER ALL, I NEVER HAD TO ASSEMBLE A BODY BEFORE!

"A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE REPAIR JOB WAS DONE!"

THANKS, PARTNER! I HAD ENOUGH RESIDUAL ENERGY LEFT TO LAST ME ONLY A FEW MORE MINUTES!

OKAY! NOW LET'S ROUND UP ALL THE SUSPECTS! I'M GOING TO CLOSE THIS CASE--RIGHT NOW!

RADIOGRAM

DEAR BOSS:

WHEN THE GROUP GATHERED IN DZAN GOLE'S LIVING ROOM, MY EYES IMMEDIATELY CAUGHT SIGHT OF A SIGNIFICANT FACT...

"... THERE WERE FRESH BRUISES ON HARRY TORN'S FACE!"

WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE BRUISES, TORN? IN YOUR FIGHT WITH ME?

NO! WHEN I HEARD THE NOISE OUT HERE, I FELL OUT OF BED!

AN ILLOGICAL ALIBI! HARRY TORN, I ACCUSE YOU OF THE MURDER OF JAMES CARR!

"AND THEN I SPRANG THE BOMBSHELL I HAD KEPT CAREFULLY HIDDEN..."

HOW ABOUT THIS LOGIC, QUEUE? TORN COULDN'T BE THE MURDERER OR HE'D BE DEAD OF RADIATION POISONING--FROM YOUR POWER PLANT!

UNDENIABLY TRUE! THEN--WHO IS IT?

THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WHO COULD STAND RADIOACTIVITY--BECAUSE HE BATHED REGULARLY IN THE HEAVY WATER OF CANAL #5! THAT PERSON IS DZAN GOLE!

YOU ARE MAD! LET ME GO!

"IN CASE YOU DON'T KNOW, BOSS, HEAVY WATER IS AN ISOTOPE OF NATURAL H_2O AND IS USED IN ATOMIC PHYSICS TO DAMPEN RADIOACTIVITY!"

YOU, DZAN GOLE, MURDERED JAMES CARR! AS A MARTIAN, YOU WERE NEXT IN LINE TO TAKE OVER CARR'S MINES AFTER HIS DEATH! YOU FRAMED TORN WITH THE SPEAKER AND SHOES TO DIVERT SUSPICION!

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF LOGIC, BERT! CONGRATULATIONS!

"OF COURSE, DZAN GOLE FINALLY CONFESSED. AND IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO SAY TO QUEUE AND MYSELF, IN YOUR OFFICE..."

GOOD WORK, BOYS! YOU PROVED CARR WAS MURDERED AND THEREBY SAVED I.I.I. ONE MILLION CREDITS! GET YOURSELVES THE BEST MEAL IN TOWN AND CHARGE IT TO ME!

I COULD USE ONE! MY POWER PLANT NEEDS RECHARGING!

BY MESSENGER

DEAR BOSS:

THANKS FOR THE FEED! IT WAS TERRIFIC--AND EXPENSIVE! HOWEVER, SINCE QUEUE FEEDS ONLY ON RADIOACTIVE RADIUM, ENCLOSED FIND BILL FOR HIS MEAL--100,000 CREDITS! AND THANK... QUEUE!

BERT BRANDON

The End

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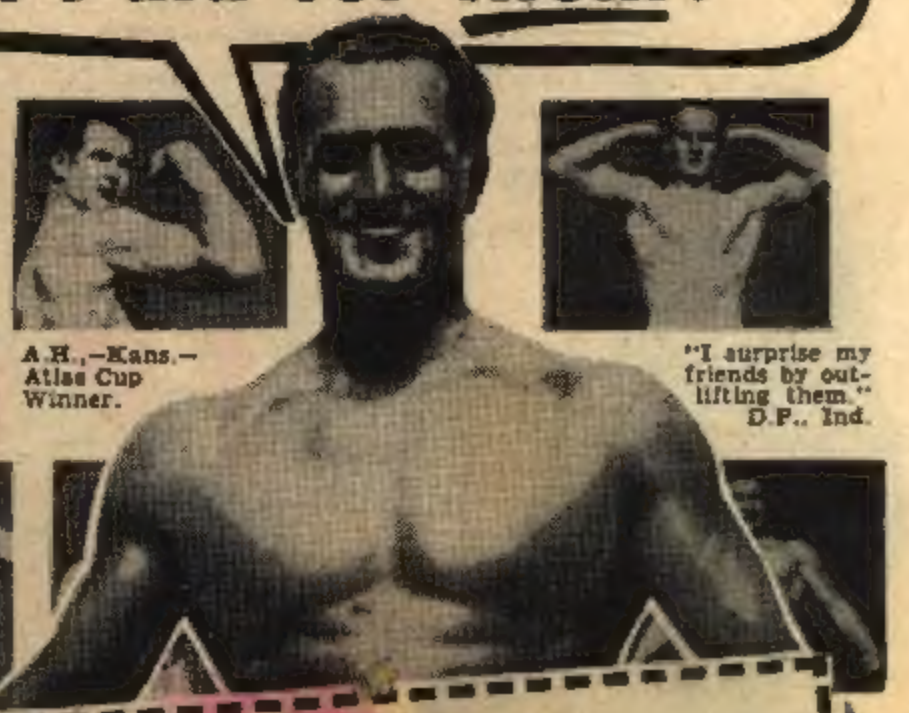

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